

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.

VOL. I.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

“Get money—honestly, if you can—but get money.”—

Edward Easy, Esq.

AMONG the many flagrant abuses in society, which very properly come within the province of your paper, is the usurious practice commonly called *shaving*. That no notice has hitherto been taken of this growing evil, I feel both regret and astonishment. To enumerate the various and complicated ills, arising from this abominable traffick, equally in defiance of law, and subversive of good morals, would fill a volume; I shall only touch on a few of its most prominent features. In the first place, shaving steels the heart against the feelings of humanity, inasmuch as its gains are drawn from the distress of a neighbour, whose misfortunes the shaver is hereby brought to view with careless apathy, if not with pleasure. In the second place it encourages laziness in the monied man, who without exertion or enterprize amasses endless wealth, and wallows in luxurious ease through this nefarious practice; ever ready, like the lurking tiger in the forests of Africa, to spring on his devoted victim, and doom with the imprudent father, the helpless infant and affectionate wife, to want and misery. Nay, so unfeeling and unprincipled has this horrid avarice rendered many, that the utmost finesse is made use of, to raise these premiums of *iniquity*; the shaver, knowing from his agent, the broker, when cases of extreme urgency will take place, becomes invisible till bank hours (3 o'clock) are almost up, when lo! he steps forward with his money bags, like the *arch tempter*, conscious the unfortunate applicant *must* give whatever he *thinks fit to ask*. Let it not be said that many speculations will justify extraordinary interest, and that borrower and lender find mutual benefit; the men generally *shaved* are of a very different description. They are not those who

have speculations in view, but who having already outstepped their resources, are obliged to ward off impending bankruptcy and ruin, by borrowing money of those *harpies* at exorbitant interest, in hopes their distant property may arrive, or some casualty may turn up, to save their credit. Illusive hope! like the decoying meteor to a benighted traveller, it leads to sure destruction. Let the prudent merchant calculate the amount of 3 per cent. discount per month, and say whether any known trade will warrant the sacrifice. Look round this city, and see what *fortunes* have been suddenly acquired by this infamous traffick, which like Aaron's rod swallows up all the rest.

Pleas'd with the dirty gain of cent per cent,
Usurious monsters find a short content.

To say such a man is a good citizen, would be paradoxical, because he is in the constant practice of *evasively* violating the laws of his country; to call him a good member of society, is impossible, for his mind is selfish and contracted, meanly availing himself of another person's distress, and extorting beyond what either reason, justice, or law, allows. It is alledged by the advocates of this system, that as the act is voluntary on the part of the borrower, the bargain is fair; and moreover, that *money* is no ways different from any article of trade, in which, according to the mercantile phrase, “*a thing is worth just what it will bring*.” To this it may be replied, that the act is involuntary, inasmuch as necessity compels the measure. Let us state a case by way of illustration; suppose a man in possession of a loaf of bread, meets another in a desert almost famished with hunger, the last mentioned has a valuable jewel, which the first person demands as the price of a piece of his bread, would this be humane, fair, and reasonable, on the one part, and voluntary on the other? On the shaver's principle it would, because, says he, “*a thing is worth just what it will bring*, and the man had an option to pay or starve.” In this case the sufferer would most probably prefer ruin to death, but

YELSE.

DOOR.

holding air,
e flies;

atchless eyes.

YELSE.

LS' BOOK-STORE.

would *he* deserve the name of man, whose bowels of compassion would be thus shut up against his fellow mortal? I conceive not: *monster* would be too good for him.

Whilst I expose to merited ridicule and detestation the character of the *shaver*, permit me to address a few observations to the *shaved*. If we trace the causes of these necessitous applications to their sources, sorry I am to say it, we shall too frequently find them originate from wild speculations, founded on ignorance, and unsupported by either capital or credit to sanction the hazard. Were traders satisfied to carry on a business commensurate to their means, and confine themselves to rational adventure, they would seldom have occasion to resort to shaving discounts; it is true, immense fortunes could not be acquired by a single voyage, nor should we see the *mushroom nabob*, dazzling the astonished croud with a gaudy display of clumsy profusion, substituted for fashionable decoration; nor would the glare of inordinate wealth, often obtained by dirty means, fascinate the vain, or sap our plain manners by its contaminating example. Perhaps *beauty* might not sport the meretricious aid of Brussels lace to shade its *dimples*, nor the midnight mysteries of loo be so frequently celebrated at the expense of health, temper, pecuniary ease, and domestick comfort. But this may be safely asserted, that female charms would not be less attractive to the eye of unvitiated taste, when arrayed in simple elegance; and disgraceful bankruptcy would often be avoided, unnecessary and unbecoming dissipation would cease, and we should exhibit to the world the characteristicks of a free, *honest*, and enlightened people.

My correspondent has with great propriety and justice explained the nature of *shaving*, and exposed the conduct of those who practise it; he has shewn that however rich such men may become, and however high they may hold themselves, they cannot, on the principles of reason and humanity, be deemed useful or honourable. But the utmost power of language and cogency of argument will be exerted in vain, against a crime excited by interest, and which may be committed with impunity. That every one engaged in this traffick is not fully sensible of its moral turpitude and pernicious tendency may be readily allowed; when tempted by opportunities of gaining large and sudden profit, we are not much inclined to examine the means, and test them by the strict rules of honour and rectitude; still less does it appear necessary to do so, when so many of those whom we have been accustomed to respect, scruple not to set the example. What has been long practised, what has become very prevalent, and has not been rigidly

scrutinized into, men are unwilling to condemn; and on such occasions not only suffer their notions of justice to lie dormant, but often succeed in deceiving themselves into a belief, that they are acting fairly at least, if not beneficially to others.

The hacnied sophism, that money may be considered as an article of commerce, and used as such, is too flimsy for any but an illiterate *shaver* to use, and hardly worth any man's while seriously to detect. All commodities produced by human labour and ingenuity, may be made articles of commerce, and in order to facilitate its operations they are represented by pieces of gold and silver. The representative and the thing represented cannot be the same, nor have they ever been considered so by any commercial people, or set of regular and intelligent merchants, in any part of the globe. Neither does the value of this representative (i. e. the interest of money) depend upon the large or small quantity which a country possesses, for the rate of interest is lower by one half since the discovery of the mines in South America; but it depends upon the great or small portion of industry in that country, and the product thereof. The same quantity of money which at one time represents one day's labour, or one bushel of wheat, may, in process of time, as men increase in numbers and industry, represent two, five, or ten days labour or bushels of wheat; notwithstanding the increase of the precious metals, which have never kept pace with the increase of men and labour. The value of this representative in commercial dealings is regulated on principles of general benefit, and is fixed by law: it follows then, as a necessary consequence, that exorbitant interest is only given by illicit traders, desperate adventurers, those who gamble with other men's property, and sometimes those who by mismanagement or misfortune wish to prolong decaying credit, that must ultimately fall: thus what is given to the shaver is taken from the honest creditor, and proves highly injurious to the general interest of well regulated commerce. These are plain and undeniable facts, which every moderate capacity may comprehend, which all may know that are not wilfully ignorant. Shaving, therefore, must be acknowledged to rest upon no other ground than avarice, and can only be practised by those who prefer great gains quickly acquired by improper methods, to moderate profit and the slower progress of fair dealing.

This abandonment of principle in some, and laxity or carelessness about it in others, is productive of the most baleful consequences to society: it brings down the liberal and enlightened merchant, to the ignominious rank of a

sordid usurer; it as effectually contributes to confound the distinctions between vice and virtue, and place them on a level, as the dreams of *Condorcet*, or the specious fallacy of *Godwin*; it makes wealth the only object of attention and respect, renders talent useless, and worth of no estimation; it hardens and contracts the heart, holds genius and learning to be superfluous, blunts every delicate feeling, damps all the generous ardour of a noble mind, and, while it aggrandizes a few individuals, degrades the character of a people.



The following characters of the eloquence and oratorical powers of MR. BURKE, LORD NORTH, and MR. FOX, were drawn in 1788 by the masterly, though partial hand of DR. PARR. As every reader has not seen his *Preface to Bellendenus*, these extracts may be acceptable.

Athens was the parent and patroness of science; but an Athenian audience would have listened with delight to Burke; would have admired his inventive copiousness of diction; would have thought the goddess *Suada* herself enthroned upon his lips.

There were some amongst the Romans who considered a dry style, and poverty of sentiment, as Attick, provided the language was polished, courtly, and elegant; and who disdained the lofty, magnificent, copious style of oratory. But many who prided themselves on their taste, their learning, and their judgment, were ignorant of the gradations, the inequalities, and the variety of Attick eloquence. Cicero himself was, by some, insolently termed diffuse, Asiatick, and tumid. In these days also there are not wanting those who insinuate that Burke is destitute both of energy and modulation. I am proud to speak a different language: I do not hesitate to aver, that such affected sentiments proceed from an inability to bear the lustre of his eloquence. He who imitates Burke, may be assured that his model is marked by Attick excellence; he who hears him with delight, may be satisfied that his own progress in literature is far from contemptible.

That man requires no studied panegyrick as to his moral character, whose manners are conciliating and agreeable, and whose actions are directed by the rules of virtue. But the rectitude and integrity of Burke have been so obviously conspicuous, that, defying all scrutiny into his own, he may be justified in exacting a rigorous account of another's conduct.

The second character of whom I would speak, has not enjoyed a fortune correspondent to his integrity or his genius. Great as are his claims to praise, our admiration is principally attracted to the firmness with which he supported adversity; to the dignity which, in the midst of

danger and of difficulty, he preserved pure and undiminished.

Cicero has remarked, with a degree of truth which experience corroborates, that the most momentous changes of circumstances frequently take place in the shortest periods of time; both as to affairs of policy and of war, but more particularly in civil contentions; which are not only influenced, but almost entirely governed, by fame and by opinion.

Lord North possesses great natural acuteness, which he has improved by art and experience. With considerable dignity, he unites those powers of wit which are both agreeable in adorning a narration, and particularly fertile and happy in exciting ridicule. His memory is rich in the knowledge of antiquity, and happy in applying it to his purpose. His speeches distinguish him as an individual most amiably resolved to bear with the infirmities and follies of mankind; and often has his polished urbanity restrained the ill-humour and asperity of others. His style, though not much ornamented, is certainly not mean; he comprehends a subject readily, and explains it with success. It is not his smallest praise, that he not only says all that is necessary to his purpose, but that he never says more. Upon all occasions he discerns the proper limit, and would rather conclude to avoid exciting tediousness, than hazard the failure of obtaining attention, by speaking too long. Considering him as a civilian, we cannot think him deficient in any one quality necessary to form the politician. To these accomplishments of the orator, possessed from nature, or acquired by diligence, is added, the genuine and the greatest love of his country, whose ancient forms and discipline he not only understands to admiration, but defends, whenever they become subject matter of dispute, with vigour and with firmness.

If we investigate more minutely the character of his mind, we shall have occasion to observe, that when in possession of the highest dignity, and opposed by a powerful competitor, he conducted himself with the extremest moderation. We shall find him steady in his attachments, placable when offended, successful in inspiring that confidence which he never disappointed; never using his power to the depression of the weak; without the very appearance of criminality; unless it be imputed to him, that, in the prosecution of the American war, he did not keep pace with the ardour of publick expectation.—That war, originally occasioned by measures in which he had no concern, was undertaken by him with hesitation and reluctance.

My third illustrious character possesses a mind great and lofty, and at the same time full of candour and simplicity; who alone claims the singular merit of excelling in every species of eloquence.

But as on this subject there are a variety of sentiments, both amongst the vulgar, and amongst men who have obtained some small tincture of learning; I shall discuss it somewhat more at large, and with all the perspicuity I am able.

I have seen many orators discomposed and distracted from their extreme solicitude in the choice of words. But the mind of Mr. Fox is so continually exercised in the contemplation of various subjects, that the expressions most appropriate to each, seem to present themselves spontaneously. He well knows that there is no word without its own peculiar force and propriety; so that many which, abstractedly considered, may seem mean and vulgar, acquire, from his application of them, consequence and beauty. If the occasion demand it, he can at pleasure adopt ornament, or energy, with every variety of modulation. He has the faculty of expressing the most difficult things with a certain ease and perspicuity, which does not appear the result of previous meditation. Whilst he speaks, he communicates universal animation. Every one who hears him, participates his spirit; and is impressed, not as by the mere image and representation of things, but as if interested by the view of present and new-created objects; the qualities therefore of ardour and of energy no one can deny him. Some there are, however, who, from a disposition hard to be satisfied, declare that he is entirely destitute of those happier powers of oratory, which skillfully select and display the more florid beauties of eloquence; but these inferiour, though pleasing ornaments, he avoids from judgment, not from their difficulty of attainment. Those sentiments which are introduced with propriety, and expressed with a force which captivates attention and impresses conviction, have, upon recollection or perusal, an appropriate beauty; not perhaps gaudy or meretricious, but what Cicero admires as genuine and permanent.

To be continued.

DISCOURSE.*

*"Your talk to decency and reason suit,
"Nor prate like fools, nor gabble like a brute."*

There is a great variety of discoursers. We will notice, first, those buffoons in society, the ATTITUDINARI-

* The ingenious author of this fragment has not mentioned those *discoursers* we meet every where, who eternally talk about themselves: their conversation is a looking-glass that always

ANS and FACE-MAKERS. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twist of the neck; are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or a minuet step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins, and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master.— These should be condemned to converse only in dumb show with their own person in the looking glass, as well as the smirkers and smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je ne-sais quoi*, between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of mimicks, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance; though they are such wretched imitators, that, like bad painters, they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, to discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the PROFESSED SPEAKERS. And, first, the *emphatical*, who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression; they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and*, which they seem to hawk up with much difficulty out of their own throats, and to cram them with no less pain into the ears of their auditors.

The WHISPERERS, or low speakers, seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the exhalations of a powerful breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gallery.

The WITS*, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a bon mot, and the WHISTLERS or TUNE HUMMERS, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to these tinkling cymbals I would

presents you with their impertinent figure: they will hold you a discourse about the least accidents that ever befel them. There is nothing but what they have done, seen, said, or thought; they are the universal model, an inexhaustible subject of comparisons. How wretchedly insipid is praise when it bounds back to the place it comes from! Nothing but fools will eternally give you their own characters, and bring every thing home to themselves.

* They generally buy some jest books, written for the use of those who have no wit at all, but would seem to have a great deal; thus they can hold a conversation of an hour long, made up of nothing but jests.

also add the sounding brass; the BAWLER, who enquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The TATLERS, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft part of the conversation," and sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very pretty musick from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as rash and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation, nor dwell particularly on the HALF-SWEARERS, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's-but*, *ad's-fish*, and *demme*—On the HUMBUGGERS, and on those who 'nick-name God's creatures,' and call a man a cabbage, a crab, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*, should never come into company without an interpreter—On the SENSIBLES, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences—on the WONDERERS, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes—on the PHRASEOLOGISTS, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars, with *this*, *t*, and *t'other*—And, lastly, on the SILENT MEN, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the gospel, by letting their conversation be only *yea yea*, and *nay nay*.*

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should, therefore, endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative.

HIGH PRE-EMINENCE OF GREAT POETS.

*"Primum me illorum dederim quibus esse poetas
Excerptam numero."*

HORACE.

"The nobility of the Spencers," says the great historian, Gibbon, "has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to con-

* There are some more singular than these *silent people*, and who have a very extraordinary talent. These are such as can talk without saying any thing, and furnish a conversation for two hours together, and all the while it is quite impossible to come at their meaning, and consequently to steal from them, or retain a word of, what they have said. These sort of men are adored by the women; but yet not quite so much as some others who have been endowed by nature with the agreeable talent of smiling *apropos*, that is every moment, and of receiving, with approbation and pleasure, every thing that proceeds from the mouth of the fair.

sider the *Fairy Queen* as the most precious jewel of their coronet." If this lively metaphor is just in every point of view; if poetical excellence reflects a pre-eminent lustre on a coronet, it is also true to say, that it is not in the power of any title to reflect an additional lustre on the memory of a departed poet. So high is poetical distinction, when obtained by genius, piety, and benevolence, that all common honours appear to be eclipsed by a splendour more forcible and extensive.

Great poets have generally united in their destiny those extremes of good and evil, which Homer, their immortal president, assigns to the bard he describes, and which he exemplified in his own person. Their lives have been frequently chequered by the darkest shades of calamity*; but their personal infelicities are nobly compensated by the prevalence and extent of their renown. To set this in the most striking point of view, let us compare poetical celebrity with the fame acquired by the exertion of different mental powers in the highest department of civil life. The lord chancellors of England may be justly regarded among the personages of the modern world, peculiarly exalted by intellectual endowments: with two of these illustrious persons the late justly celebrated poet, Cowper, was in some measure connected; being related to one, and being intimate, in early life, with a chancellor of the present reign, whose elevation to that dignity he has recorded in rhyme. Much respect is due to the legal names of COWPER and of THURLOW: knowledge, eloquence, and political importance conspired to aggrandize the men who added those names to the list of English nobility: yet, after the lapse of a few centuries, they will shine only like very distant constellations, merely visible in the vast expanse of history! But at that time the poet, relation and friend of the above-mentioned lord chancellors, will continue to sparkle in the eyes of all men, like the radiant star of the evening, perpetually hailed by the voice of gratitude, affection, and delight. There is a principle of unperishable vitality (if the expression may be used) in the composition of Cowper, which must ensure to them, in future ages, what we have seen them so happily acquire and maintain in the present—universal admiration and love! His poetry is, to the heart and the fancy, what the moral essays of Bacon are to the understanding, a never cloying feast!

"As by increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on."

* Poets may be said to realize, in some measure, the poetical idea of the nightingale's singing with a thorn at her breast, as their most exquisite songs have often originated in the acuteness of their personal sufferings.

Like them, it comes "home to the business and bosom of every man;" by possessing the rare and double talent to familiarize and endear the most awful subjects, and to dignify the most familiar. His works must interest every nation under heaven, where his sentiments are understood, and where the feelings of humanity prevail.

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AN AFFECTED ITALIAN FAMILY.

Lodovico, walking into the apartment where the party was assembled, introduced to it his friend Claudio.

Signora Clementina was reclined on a sofa, and, extending her hand to Lodovico, without attempting to rise, she said, in a languishing tone, "Signor, you must excuse my getting up to receive you, my nerves are shattered with the journey—I hope your friend won't think me *affected* for not rising."

Claudio bowed in silence.

"He is too well bred, you see," answered Lodovico, "to speak the truth; but you know I always think you horribly affected."

One of the daughters shrieked, snatched a bottle of perfume from the table, and ran and held it under her mother's nostrils. "Exquisite child!" cried Signora Clementina, "how well did I divine your sensitive nature, when I gave you the name of *Sensibilla*. This dear girl feared my spirits would experience a shock from your abrupt accusation of affectation, because she knows it to be what my nature most dislikes to be suspected of, and flew to me with this essence of roses to arrest my senses in their fall." She kissed her daughter's neck, then added, "Don't be alarmed, dear child; I don't mind Signor Lodovico's raillery."

"Come," replied Lodovico, "I will deal fairly too by you, Signora; I'll tell when, I dare say, you were not affected at all, not half so much as even I could have wished to have seen you."

"Pray, let me hear when that was?"

"When you saw your pretty daughter take the veil; if you had been half so much affected at that sight as I should have been, you would have rescued her from the gloom of a convent's walls before it was too late."

"Oh, Signor!" rejoined the lady, "Delicatilla was of too tender a composition to move in the world at large with comfort to herself; for that reason I placed her in the happy seclusion to which she has just retired. You may conceive what a convulsion rent my nerves, when I heard her pronounce the vows of eternal separation from her affectionate mother—but I suppose you call both that and the tears which now rush into my eyes, *affectation*."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, but there was little doubt that it returned from them without moisture.

"Well," resumed Lodovico, "and are these young ladies to pass their lives in the same happy seclusion from their fellow-creatures?"

"Oh, no!" replied Signora Clementina; "I study the disposition of my children, and am convinced the gloom of a convent would affect the senses of *Sensibilla*: delicately alive to the tenderest touch of feeling, she would expire when she was deprived of animated objects to give her the bliss of calling forth her sensibility; her soul of exquisite sensation expands over a romance, and her heart feels all the warmth of friendship and affection for this little dog Luppetto. It is not long ago, that she neither slept nor eat for six and thirty hours, because she thought the dear little creature had got the tooth-ache."

"Then, as to Languillila," Signora Clementina went on, "you see in what a waking slumber, what a trance of languishment the sweet girl now reclines upon that chair; nothing but musick can raise her soft powers;—strike the lute, my dear *Sensibilla*, and invite your sister to cast her soft blue eyes upon us for a moment."

*Sensibilla* complied with her mother's request, and Languillila raised her head, half opened her eyes, and sunk into her former position.

It was evident that these young ladies had been tutored to assume characters corresponding with the names given to them by their ridiculous mother. The folly of the one was to be despised; the compliance of the other to be pitied; and it was difficult to suppress a laugh at both.

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Mr. Easy,

As the design of your paper is to expose folly, and to designate the path of virtue and of wisdom, I hope you will give publicity to a sketch of my own life, which I am now about to write, as it may have some tendency to enlighten the incautious and inexperienced maiden.

When I entered on the stage of the gay and fashionable world, my person was adorned with every grace and accomplishment, and my innocent simplicity excited envy and malice, in one sex, and love and esteem in the other. Every attractive virtue seemed to form in me a concentration; as no youth of the smallest spark of sensibility, could see me without being affected by my transcendental excellencies, which infused into his soul thoughts of romantick enterprize; by which he was prompted to undertake the conquest of my heart, which was ably guarded by every instrument of defence, inherent in my sex.

Thus were my affections besieged in a castle strongly

fortified, by heroes of the first magnitude in the region of gallantry; but my unbounded vanity could not endure the idea of matrimony, as then I should be no longer an object of adoration and love, to those who move in the orbits of quixotism and convivial pleasantry. I was therefore determined to protract a surrender to the last extremity, still under the impression, that, at any time, I could obtain an honourable and advantageous capitulation, as so many sprightly assailants were contending to be foremost to scale the walls, within which so much treasure was secured.—Contenting myself with these delusions, I made frequent sallies, in which I never failed of putting a warrior to flight; and my prowess in this mode of skirmishing was so evident that in a short time I found myself perfectly unmolested and free, and not a beau could I persuade to come within the sphere of my influence. I at first thought they kept at a distance, for fear of meeting the fate of many who had gone before them; for they had heard of the havock and desolation I had made. But I soon discovered that this dereliction was attributable to no other source, than the faint lustre of my once unrivalled and effulgent glories. Knowing I had no time to lose, I now attempted, by all the seductive arts of female ingenuity, to decoy the first youth, of whom I could promise myself the easiest conquest: but alas! I was unsuccessful, and met with such a multiplicity of mortifications, from the studied indifference of the beaux, that I resolved to encloister myself, to make some rational improvement, as I now began to feel much inconvenience from inattention to study, in those days, when I exercised uncontrouled dominion. I then depended on my external power to please, but my beauty having in a great degree taken its flight, has left behind it so large a vacuum in the mental regions, that I am now totally neglected, both on account of my loss of beauty, and my inadequacy to converse as a rational being; and the only mode by which I vent my spleen, is in abusing those who had the superintendence of my education. I am now verging fast to the brink of that precipice and unmeasurable gulf, when maids, at a particular age, hold converse with the tyrant of the infernal shades. Thus you see, sir, to what a situation I am reduced, by the practice of so much coquetry, when my beauty was in its meridian splendour, and when I could have felicitated my condition by selecting a companion with whom I might have navigated the stream of time, as long as the lamp of life should continue to burn. I hope this short narration will warn those of my sex, who are just emerging into the clime of gallant gaiety, to avoid the path which I have trodden, but to accept the first good

proposal to marriage, rather than trifle as I have done.
I am, &c.

February, 25th.

FLAVIA.

INHABITANTS OF THE WORLD.

The inhabitants of the world may be classed under the respective heads of *good*, *bad*, and *indifferent*.

The *good* may be divided into the active and the indolent; the former are a real blessing to society; they relieve the wretched, support the oppressed, and justify the innocent—whilst the latter are prevented, by a lassitude, from exerting themselves to drag Truth from the bottom of the well, where she is said to take up her abode—seldom visiting those who laugh at her obsolete maxims, and treat her with so little attention, that the few beings who know her value, are apprehensive that she will soon banish herself altogether—abdicating her sovereignty to her sister, Falsehood, who has long received the homage of her ungrateful subjects. Nothing but a thorough revolution in our minds & manners can restore us the blessings of *Truth*!

Of the second order of society, the *bad*, which are, perhaps, more numerous, they take a malevolent satisfaction in hearing, believing, and promulgating every evil report raised by envy against the good and virtuous, that can level them to their own standard; hence the encouragement given to those scandalous reports that inflict a pang on the heart of the husband and the father—the scurrilous pamphlets, daily issuing from the press, propagating the lie of the day, which strut and fret their hour upon the town, and then are heard no more. It is envy of the world's approbation, and private worth, that rouses these obscene harpies to poison merit with their filth.

The third and last order, that composes that way-faring world, is the *indifferent*. We only use this word in respect to others, for to what concerns their *own* interests they are tremblingly alive. Let but DEAR SELF be happy, and the misery of this earth, and its inhabitants, will not move a muscle of their countenance—let empires fall or rise, their friends die or marry, it is all the same to these non-entities. They are better described by Prior, in the following lines, than we can do in volumes:

No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe;
No man's good deeds did they commend,
So never rais'd themselves a friend.

Plain Honesty is the best politeness—and Temperance the best physician.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO DELIA'S ATTENDANTS.

I've heard, that sprights in mystick fairy dance,
Round lovely Delia oft are seen to fly:
Yet guardian sylphs of love cannot enhance
The vivid lustre of her bright'ning eye.

Minds fram'd within the same celestial mould,
In kindred forms, together oft may meet,
And converse, man with purest angels hold,
E'er finds life's trembling breath a last retreat.

Then 'tis not strange that round the beauteous maid
These forms unknown, in airy pleasure join;
In her, we see each softer grace display'd;
In her, united all the charms combine.

But oh! ye kind protectors of my fair,
Whisper my love to Delia's tender heart,
Attempt for Selim what he cannot dare—
He loves—but still he wants a lover's art.

YELSE.

Oh! how lovely smiles the morning,
When no care the bosom knows;
But alas! how dark and frowning,
When the heart is fraught with woes.

View the wretched mother languish,
Doom'd from her lov'd home to sigh;
What can heal her heart's sad anguish,
What bring gladness to her eye?

Bounteous Nature's choicest treasures
Cannot one fond joy impart;
Nor can all the world's vain pleasures
Give sweet solace to her heart.

Happy they, on whom the morning
Smiles unclouded by despair;
Pleasure all the scene adorning,
Pleasure unalloy'd by care.

CLARA.

THE FISHERMAN.

The dusky shade of twilight's parting ray
O'er *Severn's* margin clos'd the busy day,
Deep shades and gath'ring mists obscure the shore,
And the loud laugh of joy is heard no more.
No echoing voice of mirth, nor jocund strain,
Break the long pause nor glad the silent plain;
O'er the deep waves, the rising rocks among,
Reflected moon-beams wake the angler's song;
Happy, contented, on a rock he stands,
Which of his cot a distant view commands;
While from the casement yet a gleam of light
Gives charms to fancy and renews delight:
His wife! his children! treasures of his breast,
For them he toils, he labours while they rest;
For them his night is pass'd in anxious care,

For them he scorns all danger, braves all fear.
What though the scene now desolate appears?
To-morrow's welcome shall reward his cares.
Joy fills his breast, attunes his soul to peace,
And bids repining thought forever cease.
Imagination fondly paints the scene...
Yon light illumines where his wife serene,
Smiling on all their little infant throng,
Courts for them slumber, in a soothing song.
"Ye little darlings! tranquil be your sleep,
Ah! for your fate let not a mother weep;
May no sad sigh to your pure hearts be known,
May joy with sweet content be all your own!
Ye guardian spirits! that preserve the good,
Watch o'er my husband, save him from the flood;
Oh! safely give him to my arms again,
For he can sooth and banish ev'ry pain."

Ye powers of sympathy! how sweet your reign,
How soon upon the tender heart ye gain;
Dear are the pleasures that ye teach the mind,
When love is once with virtuous love combin'd.

x

A NEW SONG ABOUT LOVE.

Little Cupid's quite a stranger
To his native home, the heart:
After wealth a constant ranger,
Trucking with a pedlar's art.

Nature's language, plain and simple,
He no longer deigns to prize;
Seldom sports he in the dimple,
Seldom visits sparkling eyes.

Tracts of land, and bags of money,
He knows how to estimate;
And e'er you taste hymeneal honey,
You must learn to calculate.

Would you marry? tell the crier
To proclaim it...never fear...
Clara's your's, if you can buy her...
But perhaps you'll buy her dear!

NOT 1.

TO SENSIBILITY.

Sweet inmate...Sensibility!
How pure thy transports flow;
When even grief that springs from thee
Is luxury in woe!

Without thee...where's the sigh of love,
Or blush by grace refin'd?
Where friendship's sacred tear, to prove
The triumph of the mind?

OTHELLO.

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